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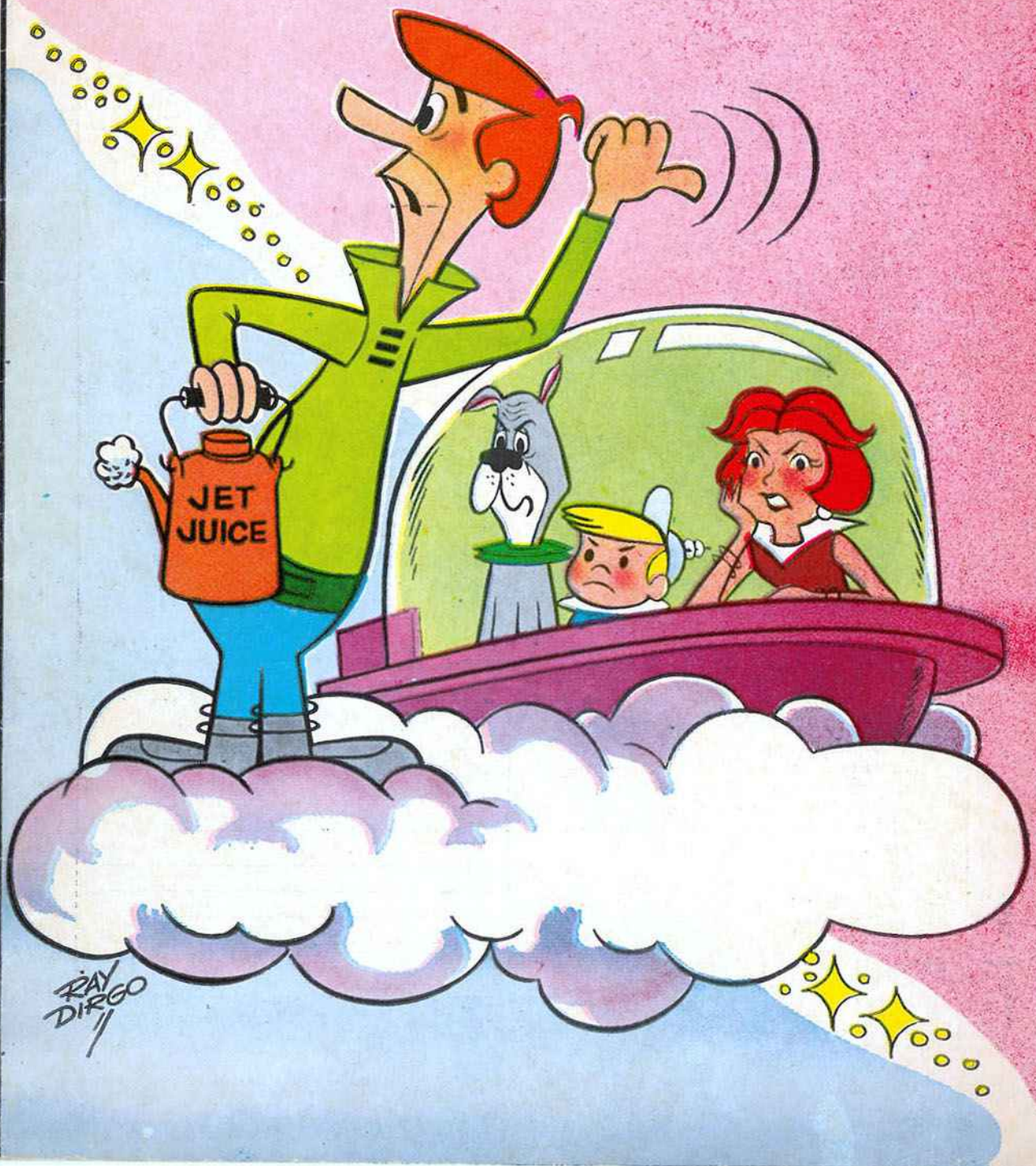
THE Jetsons

THE JETSONS

NO. 2
JAN.
CDC

15¢



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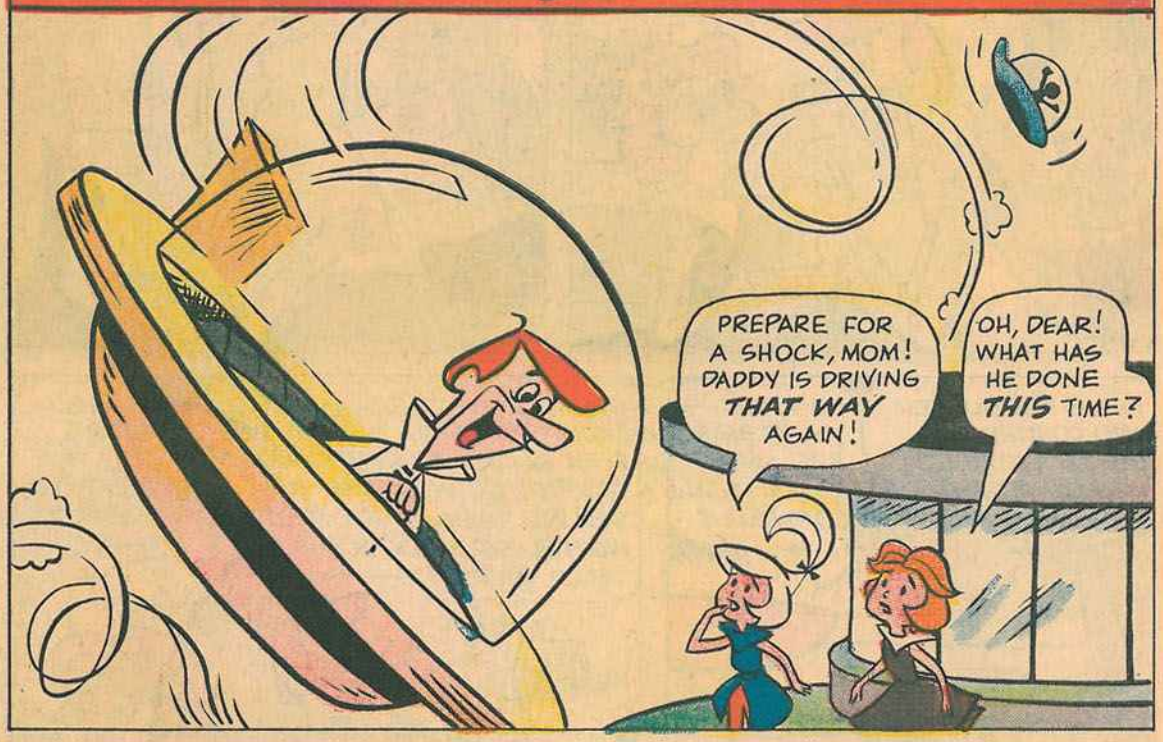
THE JETSONS GOLD, BY JUPITER!



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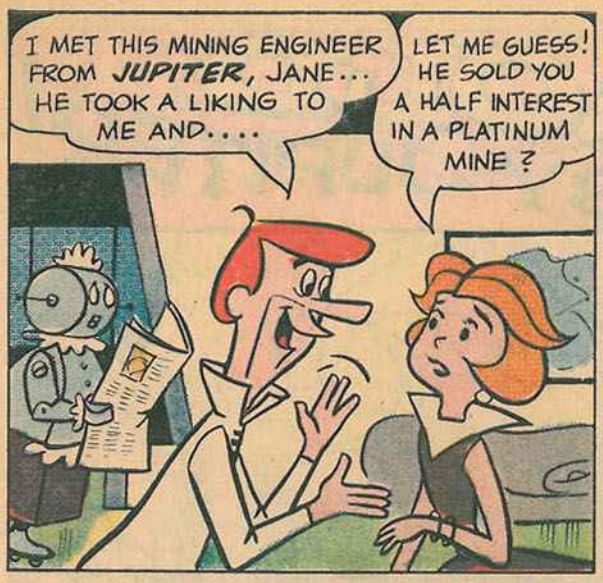
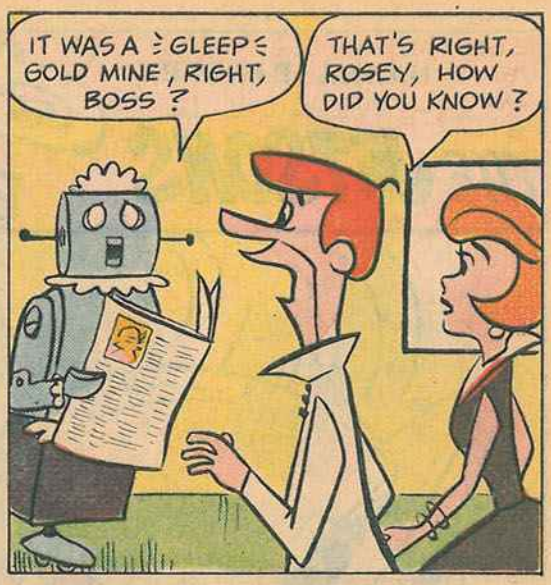
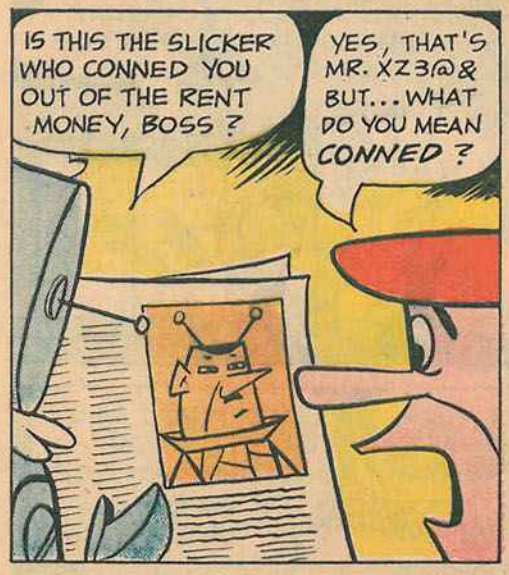
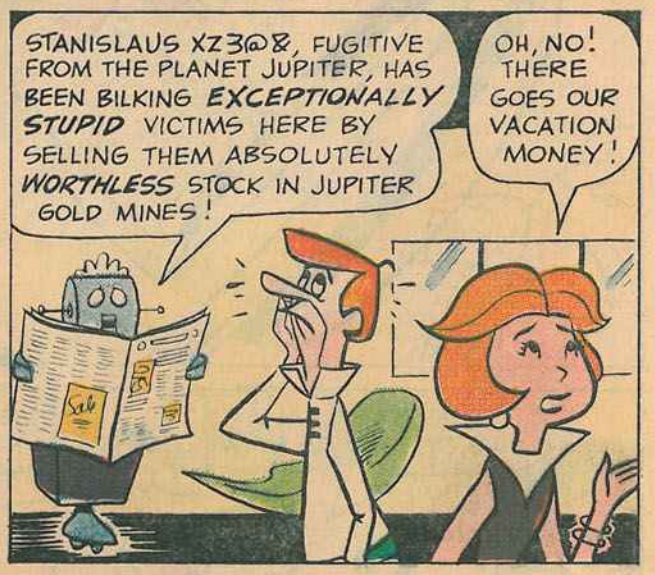

I MET THIS MINING ENGINEER FROM JUPITER, JANE... HE TOOK A LIKING TO ME AND....
LET ME GUESS! HE SOLD YOU A HALF INTEREST IN A PLATINUM MINE ?


IT WAS A ≺GLEEP≻ GOLD MINE, RIGHT, BOSS ?
THAT'S RIGHT, ROSEY, HOW DID YOU KNOW ?


IS THIS THE SLICKER WHO CONNED YOU OUT OF THE RENT MONEY, BOSS ?
YES, THAT'S MR. XZ3@& BUT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN CONNED ?


STANISLAUS XZ3@&, FUGITIVE FROM THE PLANET JUPITER, HAS BEEN BILKING EXCEPTIONALLY STUPID VICTIMS HERE BY SELLING THEM ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS STOCK IN JUPITER GOLD MINES!
OH, NO! THERE GOES OUR VACATION MONEY!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THE POLICE CAN DO, GEORGE!
WE CAN'T TOUCH STANISLAUS XZ3@&, JETSON! HE SOLD YOU STOCK IN A GOLD MINE....
SOB

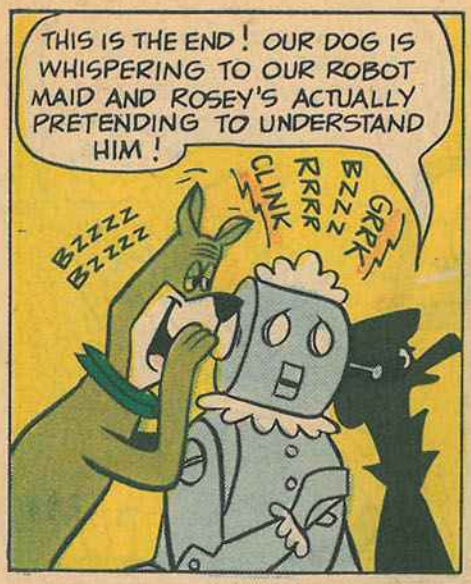
...THE GOLD MINE EXISTS ON JUPITER BUT THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY GOLD OUT OF IT IN YEARS! NEXT TIME, JETSON, CONSULT YOUR WIFE BEFORE YOU BUY STOCK! CONSULT ANYBODY....
NEVER MIND, CHIEF!

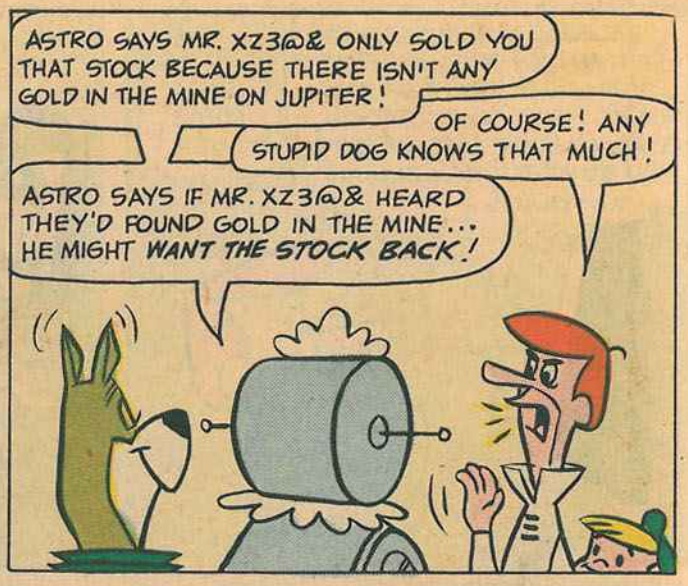
...EVEN ASK YOUR DOG BEFORE YOU MAKE ANY DECISIONS! HEE HEE HEE
WISE GUY!
CLIK

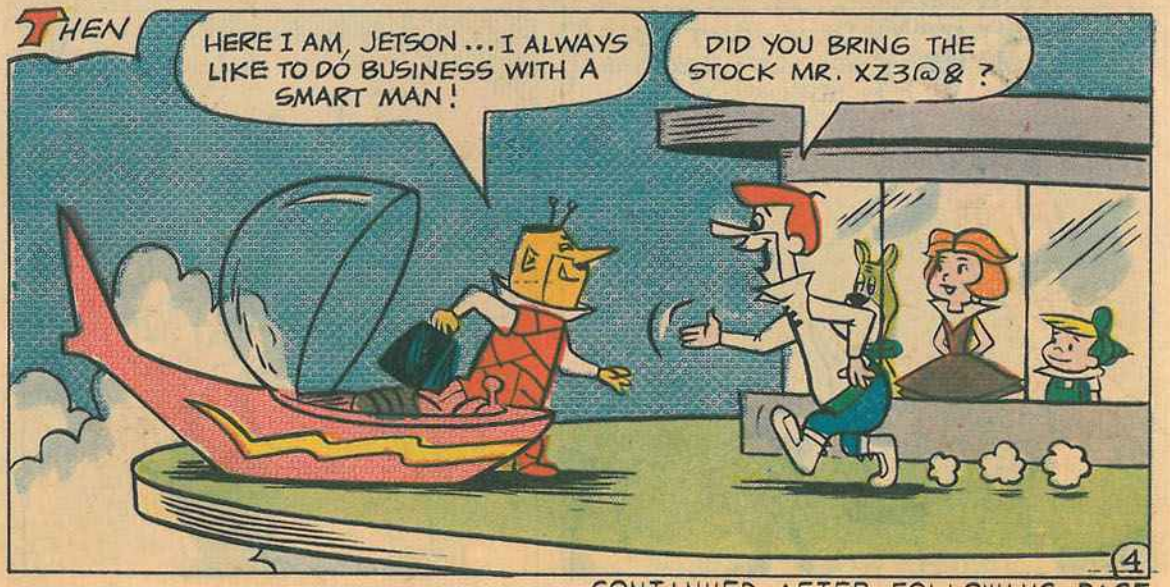
≥SIGH≤ I'M SORRY, JANE!
THERE GOES OUR VACATION! ≥SIGH≤

ELROY, GET THIS DUMB MUTT AWAY FROM ME!
ASTRO ISN'T DUMB OR A MUTT, GEORGE JETSON! ASTRO, LET GEORGE ALONE NOW!

NOT NOW, ASTRO!
PANT-PANT-PANT







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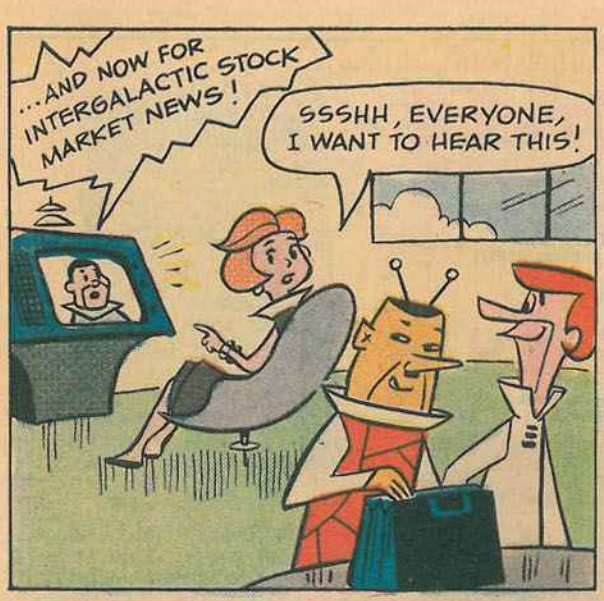
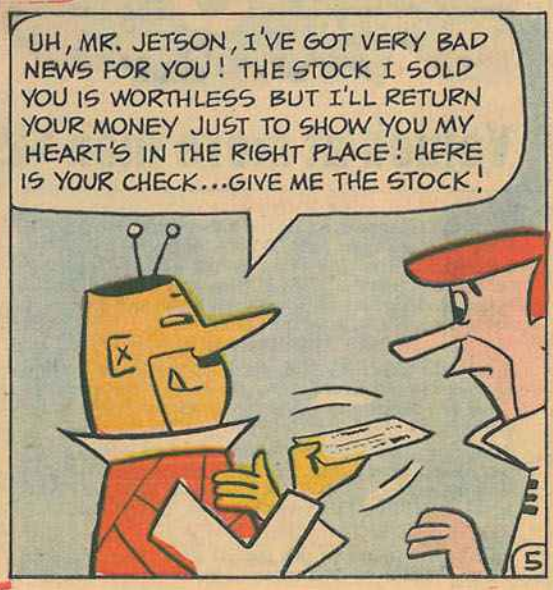

...AND NOW FOR INTERGALACTIC STOCK MARKET NEWS!
SSSHH, EVERYONE, I WANT TO HEAR THIS!

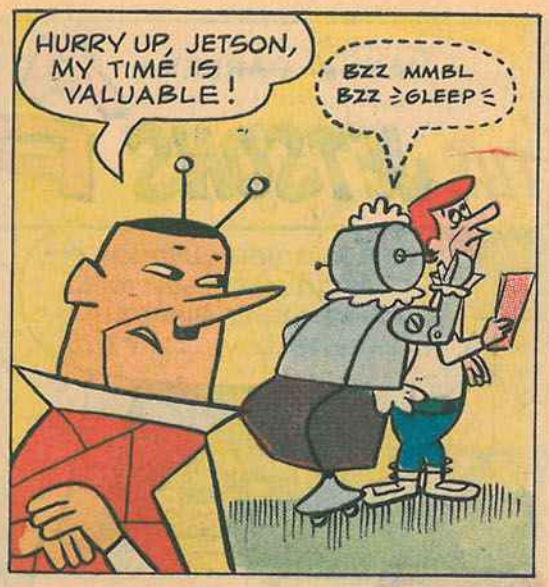
...AND GOLD MINING STOCK PRICES ARE SOARING AS A RESULT OF THE RECENT DISCOVERY ON JUPITER OF...
CLIK
WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THAT, ARE WE, MR. XZ3@&?

DAD, AFTER YOU BUY MORE STOCK IN THE GOLD MINE AND WE'RE TWICE AS RICH, CAN I HAVE A....
BE STILL, ELROY, AND GO TO YOUR ROOM!
MR. XZ3@&, I'LL PAY YOU FOR THE STOCK, NOW!

I'LL DOUBLE WHATEVER HE OFFERS FOR YOUR STOCK, MR. XZ3@&!
HOW MUCH, STAN... JUST SAY THE WORD, HEH HEH HEH!
SPY DISGUISE KIT

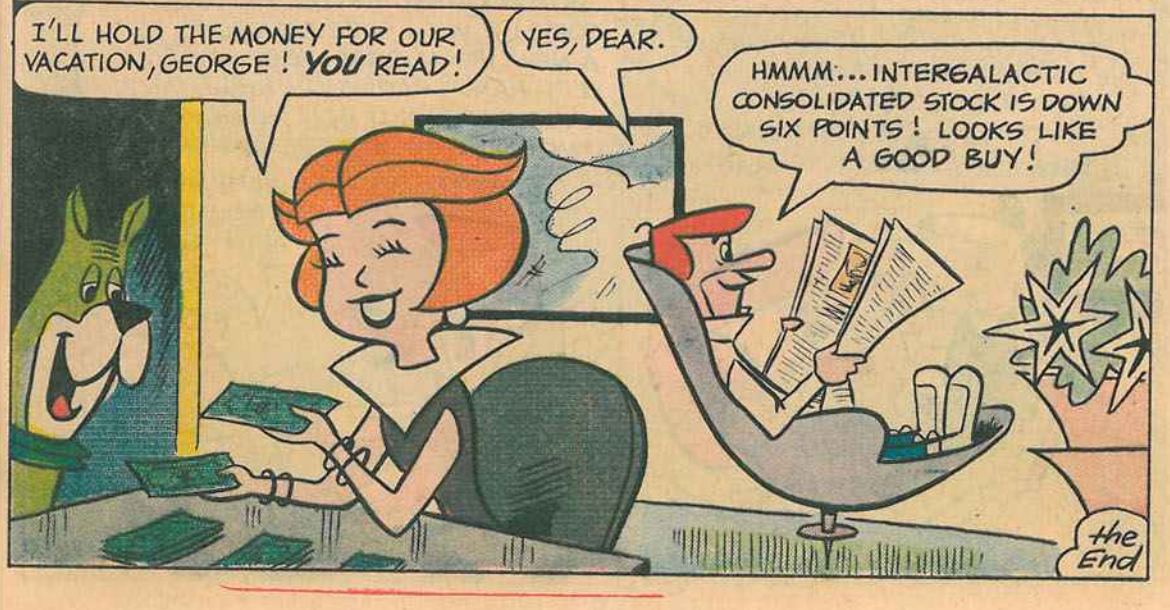

UH, MR. JETSON, I'VE GOT VERY BAD NEWS FOR YOU! THE STOCK I SOLD YOU IS WORTHLESS BUT I'LL RETURN YOUR MONEY JUST TO SHOW YOU MY HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE! HERE IS YOUR CHECK...GIVE ME THE STOCK!

IF YOU INSIST, MR. XZ3@&!
HOLD IT, BOSS!


HURRY UP, JETSON, MY TIME IS VALUABLE!
BZZ MMBL BZZ ≥GLEEP≤

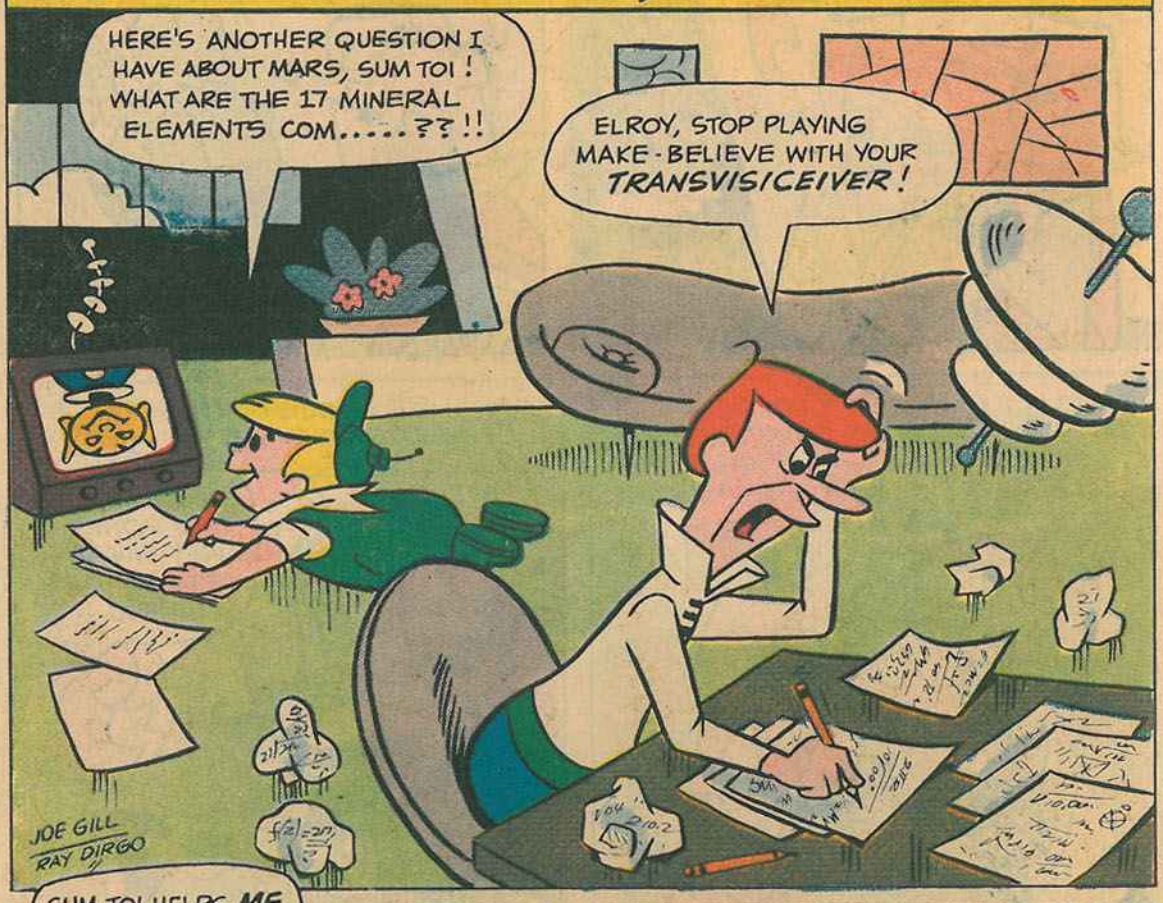
I'LL LET YOU HAVE THE STOCK FOR TWICE WHAT I PAID FOR IT, MR. XZ3@&!
YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, JETSON, BUT HERE'S THE CASH!

HEH HEH HEH.. I OUTSMARTED THAT SLICK OPERATOR, I GUESS!
I'LL JUST PUT THIS MONEY AWAY WHERE IT'LL BE SAFE AND SOU...??

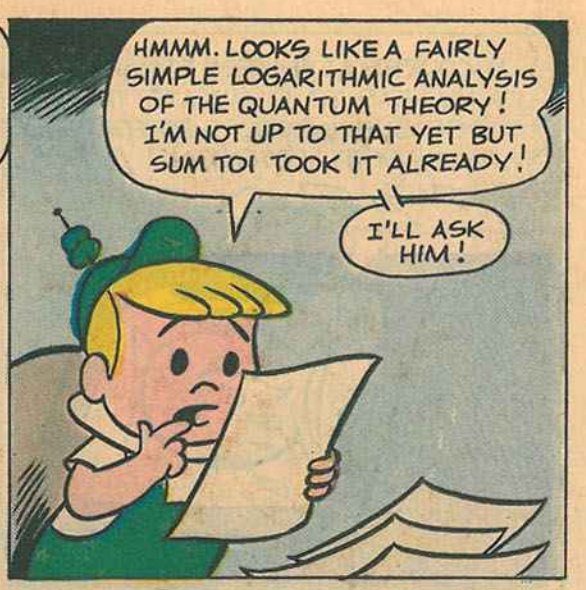

I'LL HOLD THE MONEY FOR OUR VACATION, GEORGE! YOU READ!
YES, DEAR.
HMMM... INTERGALACTIC CONSOLIDATED STOCK IS DOWN SIX POINTS! LOOKS LIKE A GOOD BUY!
the End

HANNA - BARBERA

THE JETSONS A KNUTTY PROBLEM



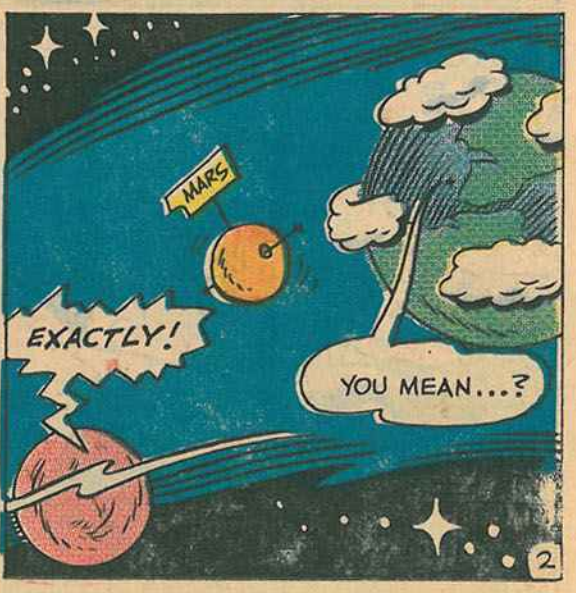
COME, DEAR, LET ME DIAL YOU SOME WARM MILK... YOU ALWAYS GET UPSET WHEN YOU TRY TO THINK!
IF I WEREN'T SO TIRED, I MIGHT RESENT THAT, JANE! ≥GROAN≤
?


HMMM. LOOKS LIKE A FAIRLY SIMPLE LOGARITHMIC ANALYSIS OF THE QUANTUM THEORY! I'M NOT UP TO THAT YET BUT SUM TOI TOOK IT ALREADY!
I'LL ASK HIM!

I'VE GOT A PROBLEM, SUM TOI... IN FACT, I'VE GOT TWO PROBLEMS!
I WILL ENDEAVOR TO PROVIDE YOU WITH THE ANSWERS, ELROY. PROCEED.

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY TRANSVISICEIVER, I THINK! YOUR IMAGE IS 180 DEGREES OUT OF SYNCHRONIZATION!
THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE, ELROY! TO FIX IT, YOU SIMPLY....

YOU SEE, ELROY?
BUT, SUM TOI... NOW WE'RE BOTH UPSIDE DOWN!


MARS
EXACTLY!
YOU MEAN...?

OF COURSE! I'VE BEEN STANDING ON MY HEAD TO STIMULATE THE BLOOD SUPPLY SO AS TO FORTIFY MY THOUGHT POTENTIAL!

THAT'S THE FIRST QUESTION! HERE'S THE SECOND QUESTION!
SUM TOI? WHERE'D HE GO?

MY T.V.R. IS ON THE BLINK JUST WHEN SUM TOI WAS GOING TO HELP SOLVE DAD'S PROBLEM!

IT'S A FAIRLY COMPLICATED PROBLEM! THE LEFT-HANDED THREAD RESISTS ADJUSTMENT BY A RIGHT-HANDED WRENCH! IF THE HYPOTENUSE AND THE THIGG ARE EQUAL, THEN THE ANGLE MUST BE...
SUM TOI?

OF COURSE. WHO'D YOU EXPECT, NAPOLEON?
CAN YOU SOLVE DAD'S PROBLEM, SUM TOI? HE'S AWFULLY WORRIED!

I'LL TRY.
SKRRRK
GRRNNCH
CLICK
CLICK

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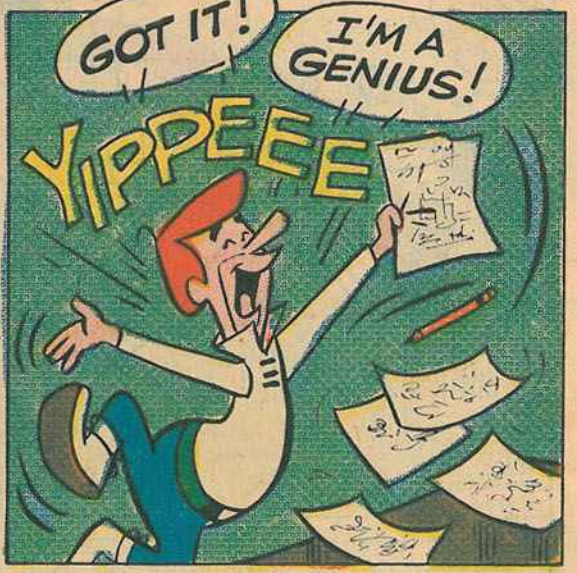
LET'S TELL HIM, SUM TOI!

NO, ELROY! IF YOU TELL HIM I GAVE YOU THE ANSWER, HE'LL TEAR IT UP!
WHAT'LL WE DO, SUM TOI?

HMMM
HMMM
HMMMM
SKRRCCHH RMRMRM CLIKITY


GOT IT!
I'M A GENIUS!
YIPPEEE

DOWN AT THE NUT & BOLT SHOP, THEY SAY I'M A GENIUS...WHICH REMINDS ME, ELROY.....
....FROM NOW ON, WHEN YOU NEED HELP WITH YOUR HOMEWORK, STOP PRETENDING YOU'RE ASKING YOUR IMAGINARY MARTIAN FRIEND! JUST ASK ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS! AHEM!
YES, DAD!
the End

HANNA-BARBERA

THE JETSONS

JUDY FINDS LOVE ON VENUS!

YOU HEARD ME! TURN THAT UNWASHED WAILER OFF! IF YOU MUST LISTEN TO HIS MORONIC MOANING, GO TO YOUR ROOM!

DADDY, HE'S ***THE MOONDUSTER***! HE'S A GREAT TALENT! WHEN I WATCH HIM, I JUST CRY! ≥ SNIFF ≤

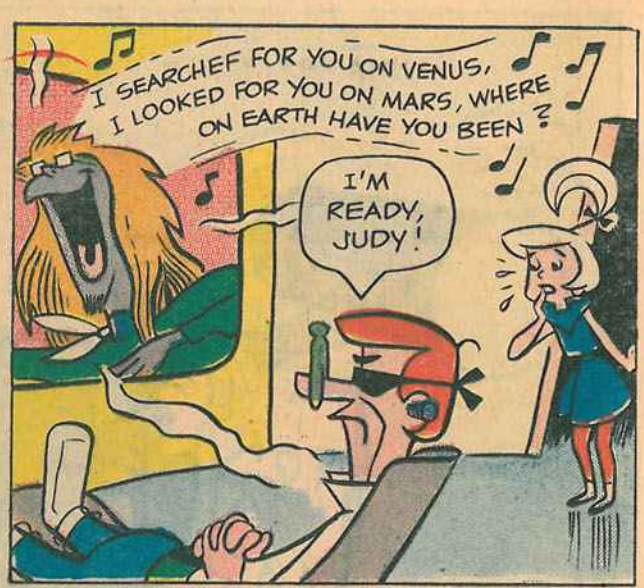
SNIFF

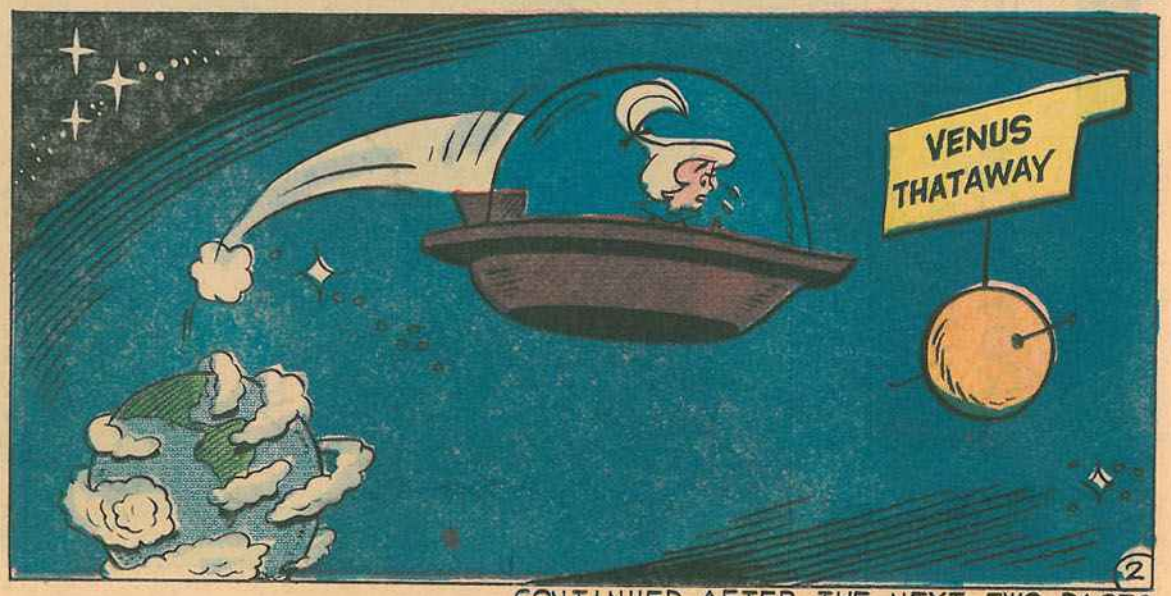
SNIFF

D-894

Story by JOE GILL

Art by RAY DIRGO





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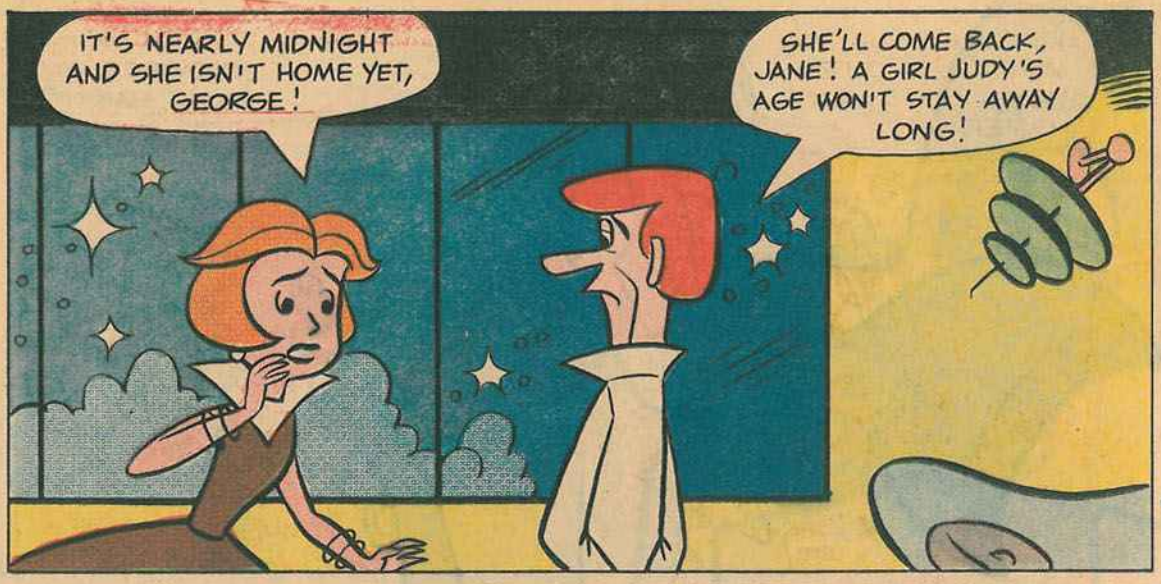
ELROY, STOP PRETENDING YOU HAVE A LITTLE MARTIAN PLAYMATE! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD ABOUT HIM!
BUT, DAD... YES, SIR!
D-893


IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT AND SHE ISN'T HOME YET, GEORGE!
SHE'LL COME BACK, JANE! A GIRL JUDY'S AGE WON'T STAY AWAY LONG!

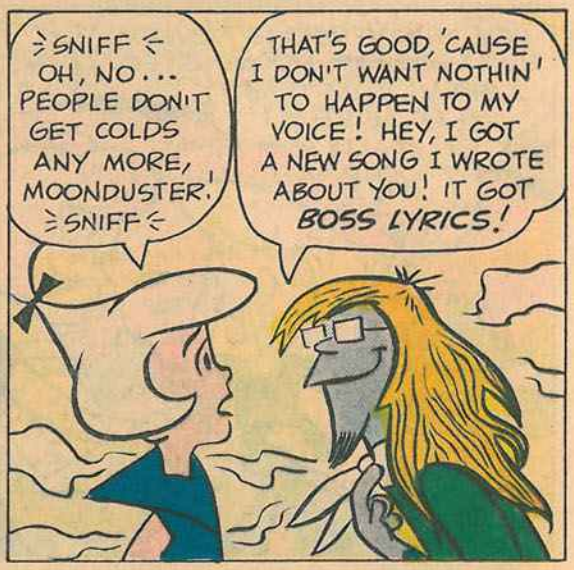
BUT IN VENUSIAN VILLAGE... (YES, THAT'S ON VENUS)
LIKE, HI, CHICK! YOU REALLY DIG MY SOUND, HUH?
YOU'RE JUST GROOVY, DAD! SNIFF

UH, HOW ABOUT YORE FAMILY? DO THEY DIG MY GIG?
WELL... MY DAD THINKS YOU'RE TOO MUCH!

JUDY BABY, YOU SPIN MY DIALS! YOU'RE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, SUPERCHICK!
YOU LIKE ME?

SNIFF
LIKE YOU? YOU'RE THE GROOVIEST GIRL AROUND, BABY!

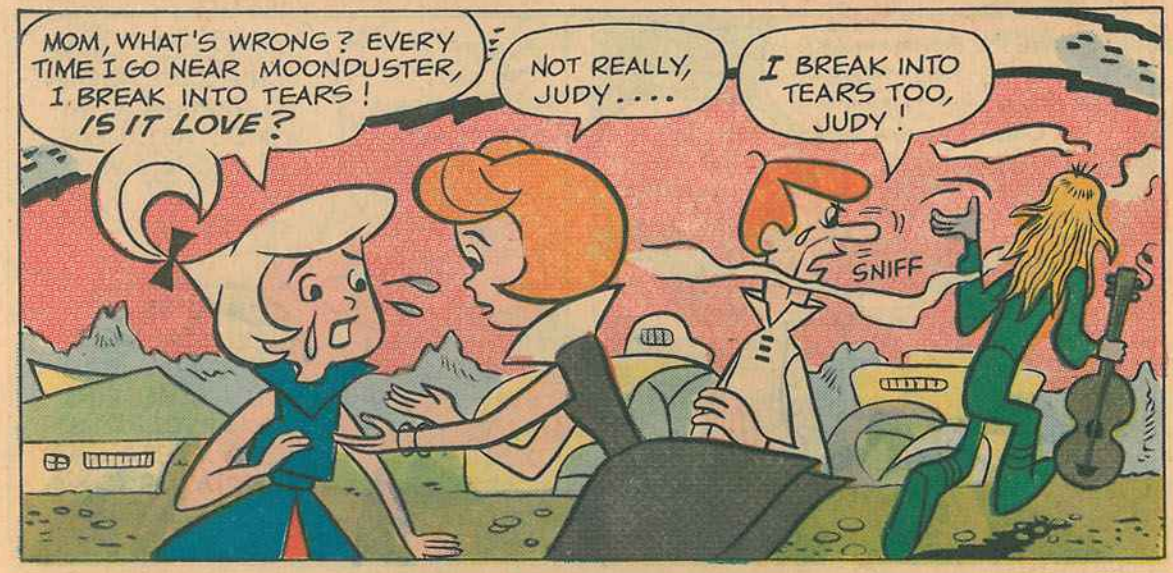
LIKE, WE'RE GONNA MAKE THE SCENE TOGETHER, JUDY BABY, SO TELL ME ONE THING!
YOU GOT A COLD OR SUMPIN'?
SNIFF


SNIFF
OH, NO... PEOPLE DON'T GET COLDS ANY MORE, MOONDUSTER!
SNIFF
THAT'S GOOD, 'CAUSE I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' TO HAPPEN TO MY VOICE! HEY, I GOT A NEW SONG I WROTE ABOUT YOU! IT GOT BOSS LYRICS!

YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
SECOND VERSE
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
HEY, IT'S NOT A SAD SONG, BABY, TURN OFF THE TEARS!
I CAN'T!

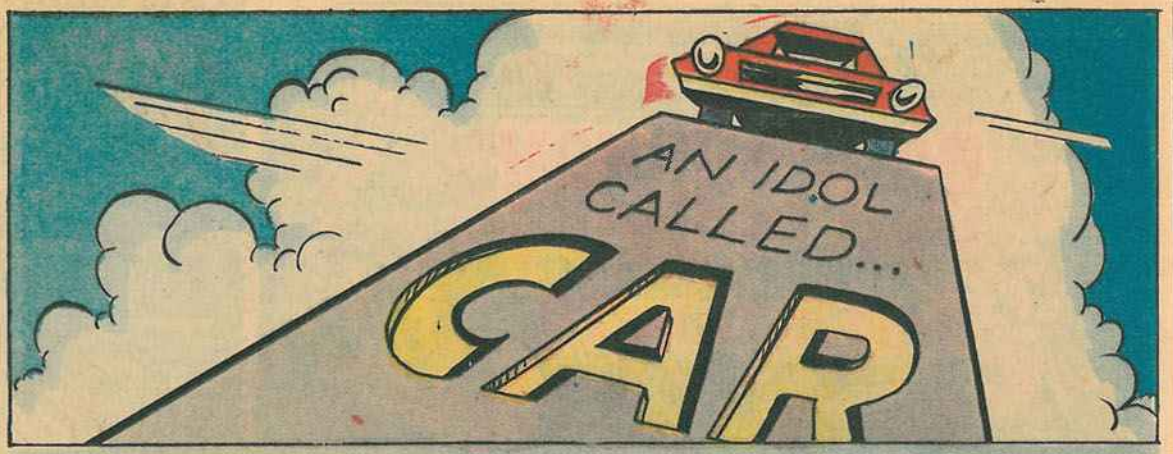
ARE YOU SURE SHE WENT THISAWAY, JANE ?
IT'S WHERE MOONDUSTER LIVES, GEORGE!

BABY, THEM TEARS BUG ME! DRY UP OR CUT OUT!


MOM, WHAT'S WRONG? EVERY TIME I GO NEAR MOONDUSTER, I BREAK INTO TEARS! IS IT LOVE?
NOT REALLY, JUDY....
I BREAK INTO TEARS TOO, JUDY!
SNIFF

DON'T TELL ME I'M FALLING IN LOVE TOO!
OF COURSE NOT, GEORGE ...COME ON, LET'S GO HOME!

I'M GETTING OVER IT, MOTHER! MAYBE IT WASN'T LOVE!
OF COURSE IT WASN'T... YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO MOONDUSTER... IT'S THAT SIMPLE!
the End



In accordance with the instructions given to me by you on my departure for the planet Earth, I make this report about the worship indulged in by the Earthlings. I have taken the form of one of these people and the Government of the United States has kept my arrival and identity a secret as was agreed upon previously.

I regret to state that these creatures are idol worshippers. This is a preliminary report and later I hope to have clarified certain puzzling features of their religion. Our ancestors, many years ago in the period of Ignorance, also worshipped idols. And one was kept in every home.

These Americans, as they are called, also do the same. Almost every home has such an idol. If the people are wealthy they have more than one such idol. The father of the family has one idol; the mother has another idol; the young son has his idol; and the young daughter has her idol. But in most cases, you find one idol to a family.

They have various names for the idol but the significance is the same: Automobile, car, motor vehicle, motorcar, etc. What puzzled me the most was on one of my trips through a big city, the idols were all parked outside in the street. I figured that since the idols were too large to take into the homes, they kept them in the street. In private homes, they have a special building in which to keep the idol-which they call a garage. I also saw a big garage in which all the people who lived in a very big building, all kept their idols. In order not to be confused, each person has a number attached to his idol.

Our ancient ancestors burned incense and made sacrifices to the idols. And they saw that the idol was kept in good condition. Generally speaking, I would say that these Americans all follow a similar pattern of respect and care for their idols. Our books tell us that our ancient ancestors brought food and drink for the idols. The Americans are very efficient in this respect. They have established public idol feeding stations in various parts of the cities and in the country area. From time to time, a person will stop at one such public feeding place. The normal offering is that of gasoline. At certain intervals oil is fed to the idol. And he is checked to see if he is thirsty. If so, water is given to him right into a duct that leads into his stomach which they call his "radiator." Every idol has four feet which are round and the shoes are made out of a substance which they call rubber. To make these shoes more comfortable, from time to time, air is put into them by the attendant at the public idol feeding station.

They have something very clever for their idol when it rains. Maybe we could adopt the idea for something else. To keep the face of the idol clear, they have a device known as a windshield wiper. And keeping the idol clean is a ritual. I watched a family do this. The father sprayed water from a hose all over the car. The young son used a sponge and some kind of a fluid later. The idol seemed very clean to me. Then they polished the idol with a special wax. I even watched a little boy spit on the car and clean it that way. Alas, this sign of disrespect did not make me feel very happy. There are public cleaning places where you can have your idol cleaned. One rate for weekdays, and another on other days. This I do not understand.

During the night, the eyes of the idols all light up. And it is really a thrilling sight to see those eyes on the roads when you sit in one of them. But there is also something else I do not understand. From time to time, the idols fight each other. I saw two idols on the road hit each other. And the owners were hurt. Also I saw six idols go into each other and it was a very terrible sight to behold.

When the idol gets too old, they sell him or trade him in and get a new idol. About this practice, I hope to learn more some time in the future. But I was taken to a shop where they do repair old and damaged idols. Which definitely is a sign of respect for the old. This I commend the Americans for following. In one such shop, I saw them take out a worn part of an idol and replace it with a new part. I understand they are also doing this with humans in heart cases.

Respectfully submitted,
Igo Dukini,
Martian of the First Degree.

•••••

Winky and Stinky

I AM NOT! I CAN BE A REAL STINKER WHEN I WANTA BE!

SEE YA AROUND, WINKY! I'M GOIN' OVER TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH THOSE KIDS! HEE! HEE! HEE... I'LL SNEAK UP ON 'EM HEE! HEE! HEE!
EEEEEK

SOB! I'M A FAILURE, I GUESS!

HEY, THERE'S WINKY, THE MOST SOCIABLE SKUNK IN TOWN! LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!
YEAH!

C'MON, FELLAS, LEMME DOWN!
LET'S TAKE WINKY TO THE HIDE-OUT, FELLAS!

PSST...WINKY, THEY BEEN PICKIN' ON YA, HUH?
STINKY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

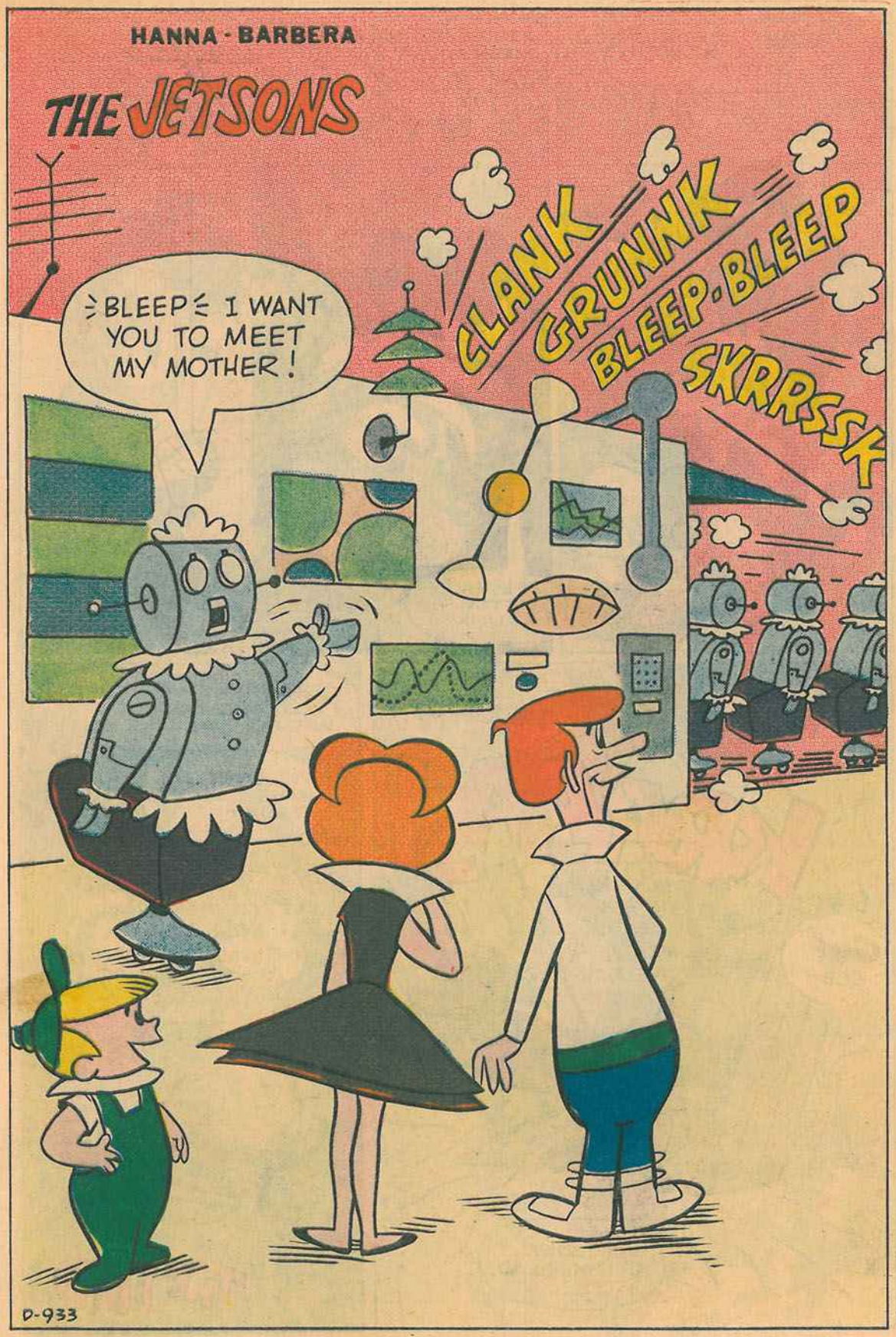
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'IM GUYS?
GEE, FELLAS LEMME GO HUH?

YOU'RE GONNA BE MEAN, HUH?
YEP!
WE HATES SKUNKS!
SPESHALLY LITTLE SKUNKS!

OKAY, YOU DOGS, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

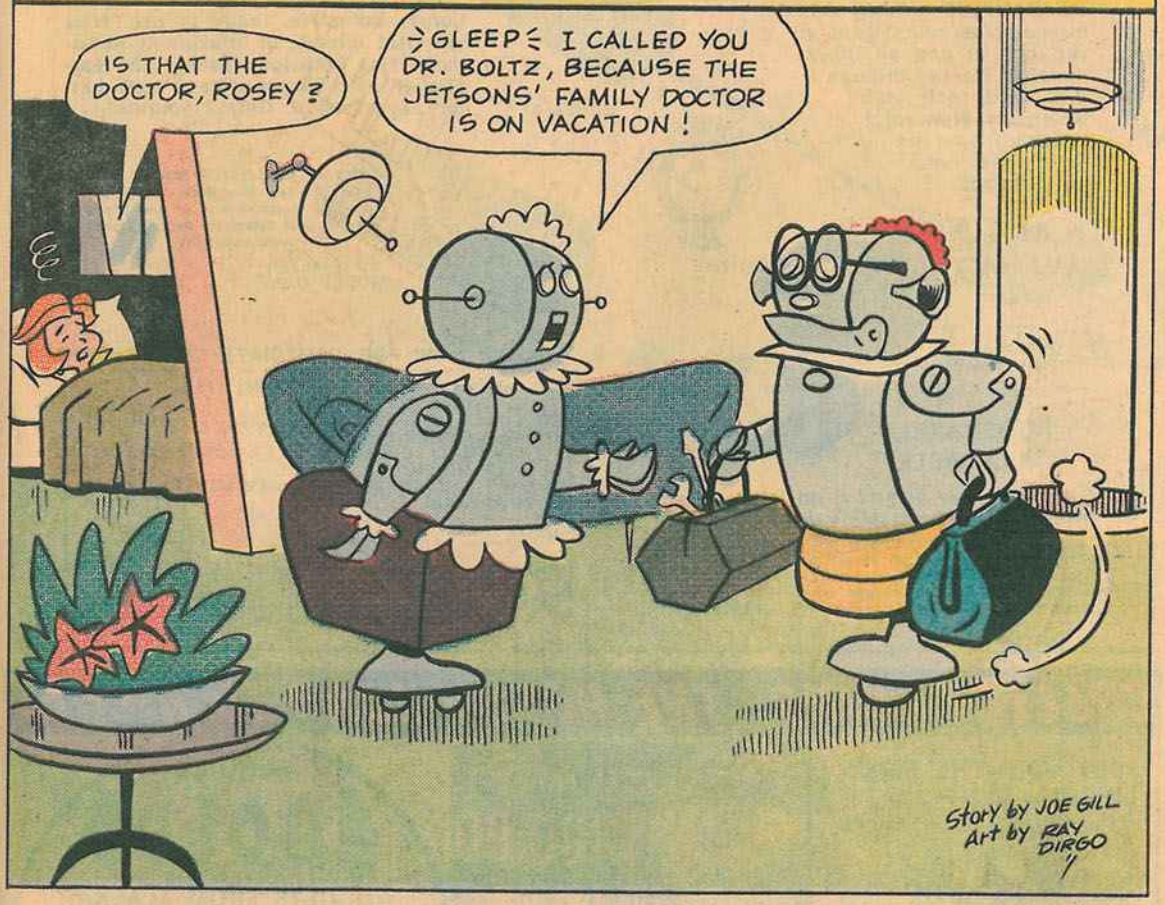
HALP!
YEEOOWW
KRAAAASH
GASP SOB!
SOMEBODY KILL ME DEAD!

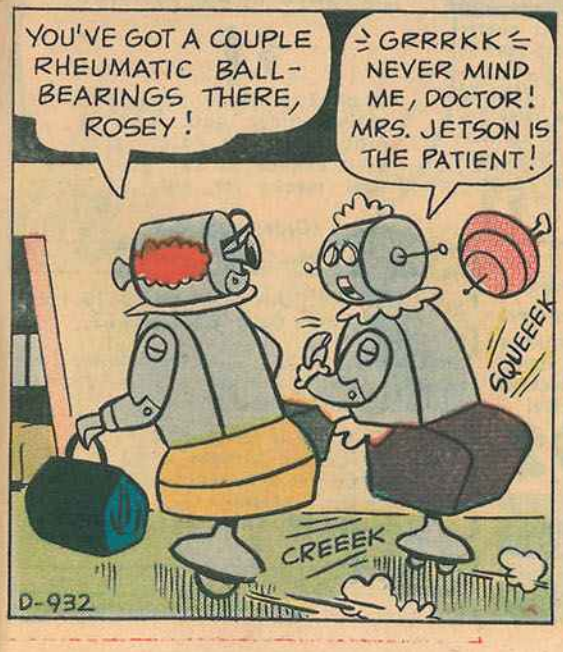
GEE, STINKY, YOU SURE FIXED THEM GOOD! I WISH I WAS LIKE YOU!
WE CAN'T ALL HAVE TALENT, WINKY!
THE END

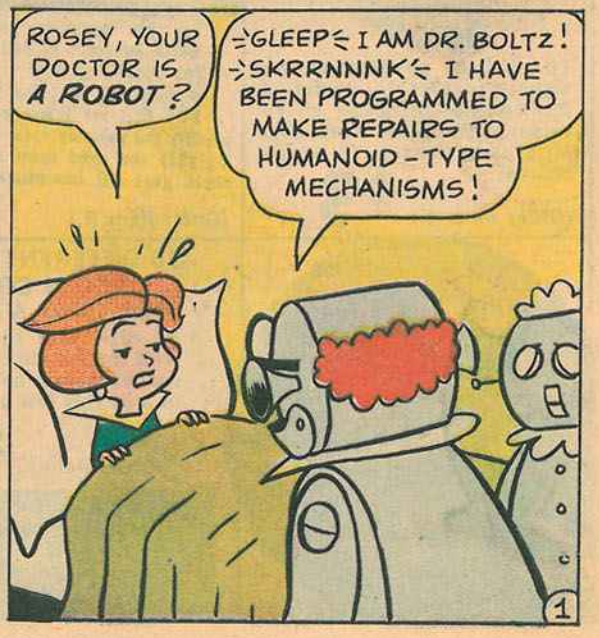

HANNA - BARBERA
THE JETSONS
≥BLEEP≤ I WANT YOU TO MEET MY MOTHER!
CLANK
GRUNNK
BLEEP-BLEEP
SKRRSSSK
D-933

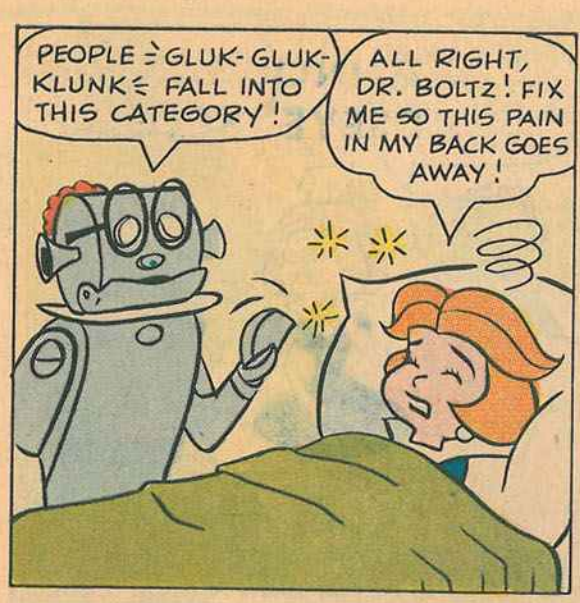
HANNA - BARBERA

THE JETSONS Oh, Doctor!

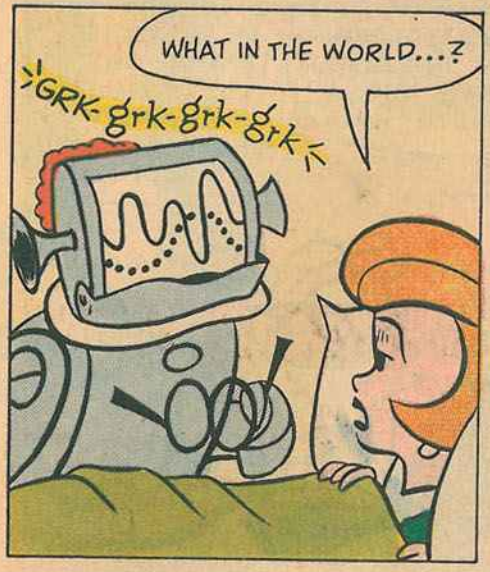


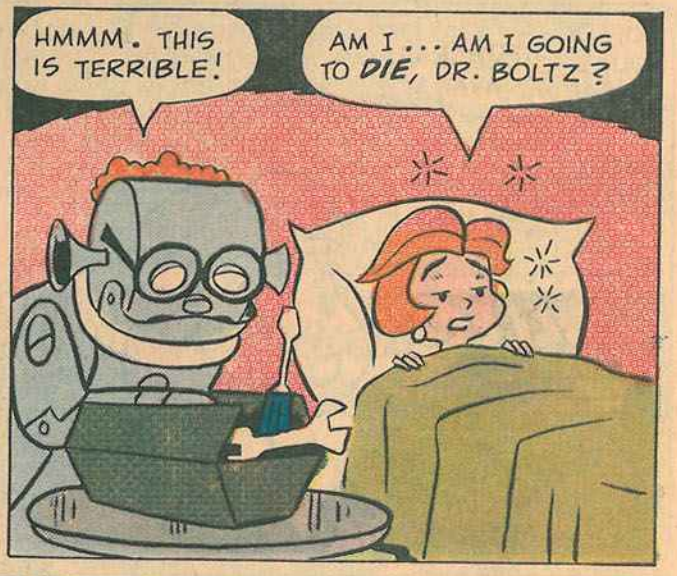


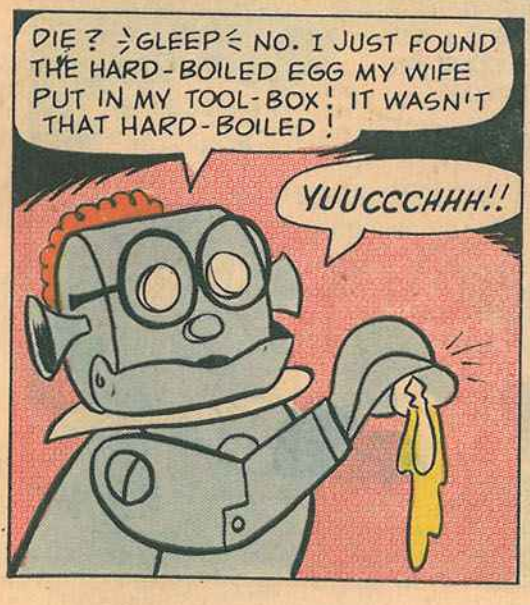


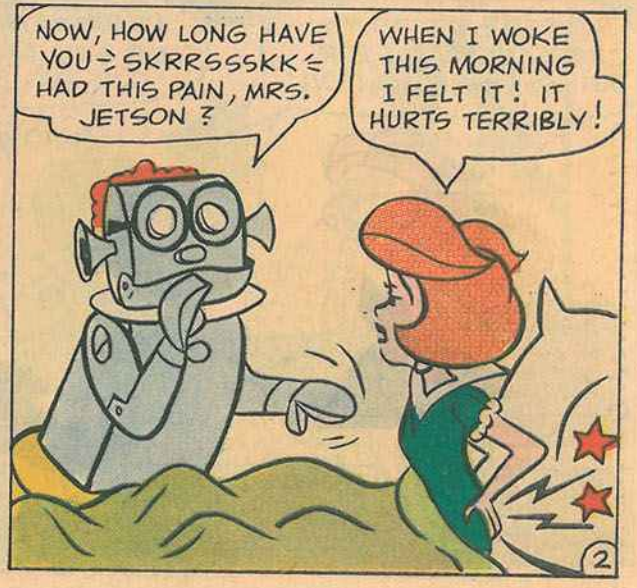

PEOPLE >GLUK-GLUK-KLUNK< FALL INTO THIS CATEGORY!
ALL RIGHT, DR. BOLTZ! FIX ME SO THIS PAIN IN MY BACK GOES AWAY!

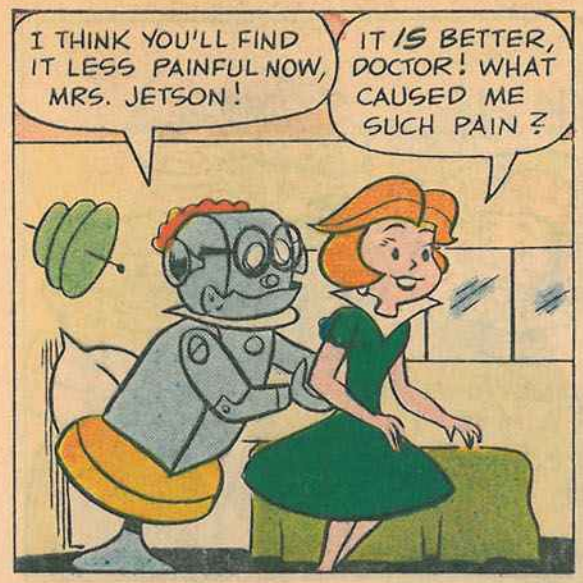
HMMMMMMM

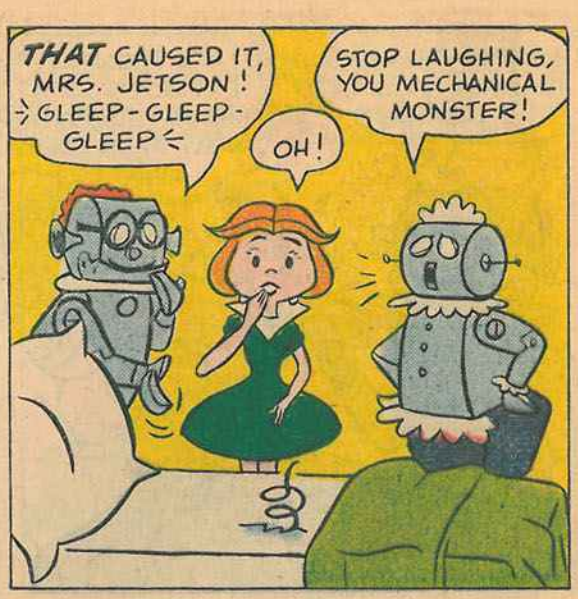

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?
>GRK-grk-grk-grk<

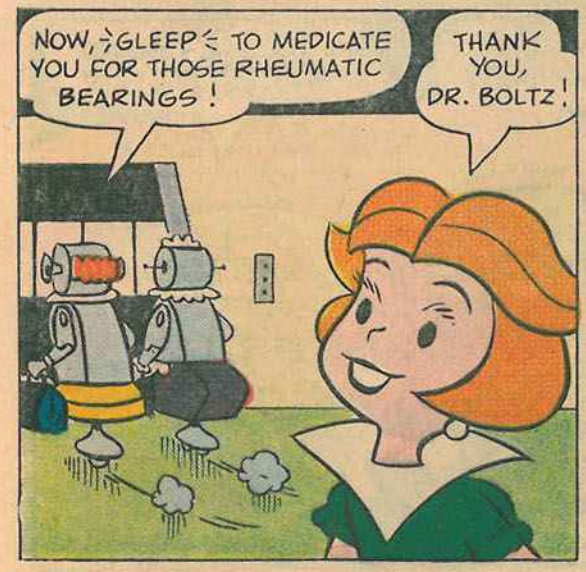

HMMM. THIS IS TERRIBLE!
AM I... AM I GOING TO DIE, DR. BOLTZ?


DIE? >GLEEP< NO. I JUST FOUND THE HARD-BOILED EGG MY WIFE PUT IN MY TOOL-BOX! IT WASN'T THAT HARD-BOILED!
YUUCCCHHH!!

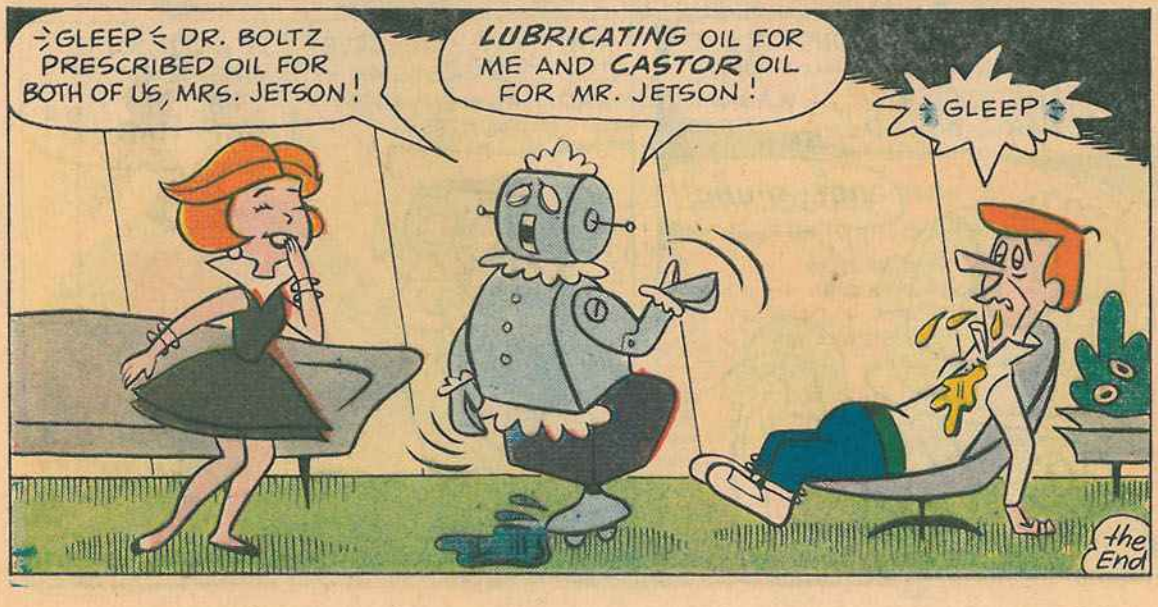

NOW, HOW LONG HAVE YOU >SKRRSSSKK< HAD THIS PAIN, MRS. JETSON?
WHEN I WOKE THIS MORNING I FELT IT! IT HURTS TERRIBLY!


I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT LESS PAINFUL NOW, MRS. JETSON!
IT IS BETTER, DOCTOR! WHAT CAUSED ME SUCH PAIN?


THAT CAUSED IT, MRS. JETSON! GLEEP-GLEEP-GLEEP
OH!
STOP LAUGHING, YOU MECHANICAL MONSTER!


NOW, GLEEP TO MEDICATE YOU FOR THOSE RHEUMATIC BEARINGS!
THANK YOU, DR. BOLTZ!

HOLD STILL, GEORGE JETSON, THIS WON'T GLEEP TAKE A MINUTE!
DR. BOLTZ IS TREATING GEORGE TOO! GEORGE HAS BEEN FEELING POORLY LATELY!


GLEEP DR. BOLTZ PRESCRIBED OIL FOR BOTH OF US, MRS. JETSON!
LUBRICATING OIL FOR ME AND CASTOR OIL FOR MR. JETSON!
GLEEP
the End